Railroad Men

Boston & Maine

Che World's Greatest War.

We are living, we are dwelling In a grand and awful time; In an age on ages telling To be living is sublime.

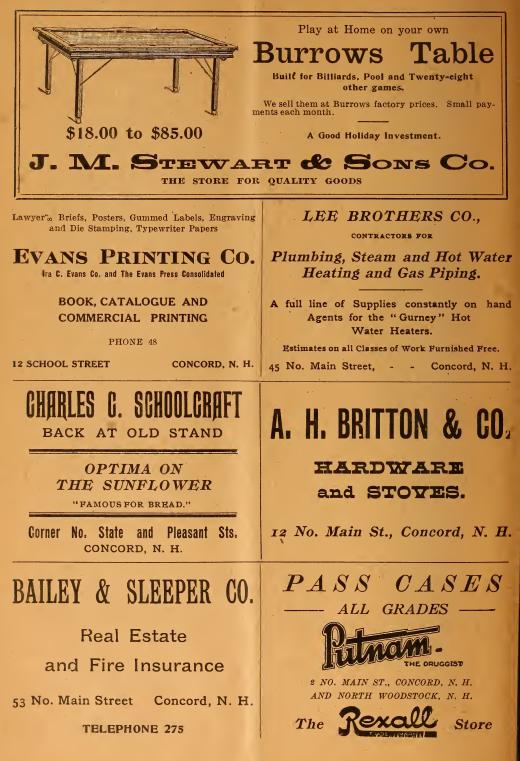
Hark, the onset of the Nations Gog and Magog to the fray; Hark,—what soundeth? is Creation Groaning for its latter day?

Worlds are charging, Heaven beholding Thou hast but an hour to fight, Look! the Stars and Stripes unfolding, On, right onward, for the Right! On! let all the soul within you For the Truth's sake go abroad; Strike! let every nerve and sinew Tell on ages, tell for God!

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE BOSTON & MAINE RAILROAD DEPARTMENT, YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION CONCORD, N. H.

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We have the ability, experience and equipment to examine eyes and make glasses that will give you a brighter and clearer outlook on life and business.

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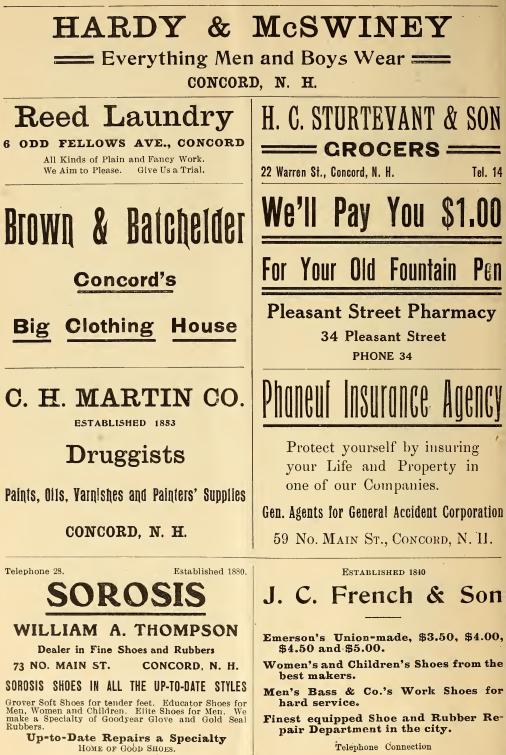
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Vol. XXI _

OCTOBER, 1917

No. 7

"Only the Fools are Good."

By Bishop Charles D. Williams, Detroit.

There is the notion, regnant unfortunately in many an American youth, that red-blooded virile manhood is inconsistent with virtue, that it is smart to be fast and stupid to be temperate, sober and chaste; that it takes a clever man to be really bad, and a fool to be good, particularly to be pious; a notion for which unfortunately certain types of piety give some ground.

There is the fear with which pious parents often send their boys to the university, anxious lest their faith be shipwrecked—a fear sometimes well grounded where a shallow, conceited sciolism in the professor's chair sneers at the deep things of the spirit, but groundless where knowledge is reverently and honestly imparted with a single-minded passion for the whole truth.

There is the feeling so often characteristic of the young student, the callow beginner who is just learning to walk in the paths of knowledge, that he can establish his reputation for intellectuality by no surer proof than by ostentatiously exhibiting a somewhat loud scepticism about things he has never deeply studied nor understood.

Now these are but moods and tenses of that innate and persistent prejudice, so characteristic of our Anglo-Saxon mind, that strange, irrational feeling that intelligence and goodness are mutually exclusive, that faith and knowledge, reason and religion are irreconcilable.

Throughout his teaching, Jesus identifies intelligence with goodness, sin and selfishness with folly and imbecility. When one stands in his presence, one knows not which to admire the more, his mind or his character. Both fill us with awe. The intellectual grasp of his parables, the marvelous insight of his words, the penetration of his teaching, the amazing knowledge of human nature, the surpassing wisdom of it all, they fairly overwhelm us. And before the splendor of his soul, we fall on our knees and cover our eyes.

In Jesus, the two are one, really and essentially one. He could not have been the supreme character of the world had he not also been its supreme intelligence. The character is transfused with the intelligence and the intelligence is transformed into that moral and spiritual wisdom which is the character. And no man can share the character of Jesus who does not also to the same degree share his spiritual intelligence. If he is to be built up into the perfect manhood, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of the Christ, a young man must have in him that mind which was also in Christ Jesus.

OLD ENGINES. We have a valuable lot of negatives of old Engines, and will send a list with prices to anyone interested.

The Kimball Studio, Concord, N. H.

Experience.

- I was young. I prayed to the gods above.
- Prayed and struggled and lost my prayer,
- And I beat my breast and cursed and raved—
- I was young. I thought that the gods were there.
- I am old. I commune with the gods within—
- Listen and learn and have no fear.
- And the sunshine's good and the hills are fair.
- I am old. I know that the gods are here.

-Lucine Finch in "The Vagabond."

She Was the Flour of His Soul.

"Do you love me?" said Dotty, resting her face on Jack's shoulder.

"Yes, only you tale too much," replied Jack woefully, looking at his shoulder.—Squib.

In the Woods.

The professional vacationist returns to his home "after Labor Day." That is the fashion. Exactly why such a fashion ever was set is not clear. It is said that he goes home because the schools are about to begin. In some cases that is probably true. It may be enough to account for the fashion. Most go on a vacation because it is the thing to do, and go home for just the same reason. But the real vacation season for the man who knows, and who does not care what the fashion is, is still to come.

The crisp fall days and the woods make a combination which has fashion "beaten a mile," as the saying is. Given a camp by a lake side, a rough suit, a gun, plenty of woods traversed by tote roads and old trails, and a vacationist who forgets the world and by the world is forgotten, and you have a situation for recuperation of tired nerves that beats them all. Of course, there are some other necessary accessories. There must be a cook, with plenty of raw material for his work. For your man in the woods gets desperately hungry, even while he is for-

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getting paved streets and stuffy offices, or busy stores. And there must be good beds, for he also gets desperately tired on his long tramps through the woods. He takes his gun along as a persuader to tramping, though your genuine woods-lover does not care so much about a full game bag. He derives his inspiration from the trees themselves, and, as he finds himself getting acquainted with them, his zest for the chase lessens, but he grows to know and love the woods the more.

The trees are noble companions. They teach unselfishness by taking their admirer out of self, patience because they are themselves patiently bearing with the winds that threaten and the storms which sometimes destroy. They inculcate perseverance for whatever difficulties they have to overcome, they themselves doggedly, perform the duties set for them by mother nature. Somehow, they lead to happiness and to health.

Unfortunate indeed is the vacationist who goes back to his city home without an introduction to our big woods. They are the great rendezvous for the wise, the fountain of life itself wherein may be gathered energy for all the long months of labor when most of us must live far apart from them. Go to the woods, weary man and worn, go once, get into the spirit of it, and never again will you consent to let your vacation end on Labor Day!—*Portland* (Me.) *Evening Express.*

Character is Power.

Character is power—is influence; it makes friends; creates funds; draws patronage and support, and opens a sure and easy way to wealth, honor and happiness. says J. Hawes, while to Emerson belongs the credit for saying:

"Character is always known. Thefts never enrich; alms never impoverish; murder will speak out of stone walls. The least mixture of a lie—for example, the taint of vanity, any attempt to make a good impression, a favorable appearance—will instantly vitiate the effect. But speak the truth and all nature and all spirits help you with unexpected furtherance."



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Now.

Our Flag.

If you have hard work to do, Do it NOW. Today the skies are clear and blue, Tomorrow clouds may come to view.

Yesterday is not for you,

Do it NOW.

If you have a song to sing, Sing it NOW. Let the tones of gladness ring, Clear as song of bird in spring, Let every day some music bring; Sing it NOW.

If you have kind words to say, Say them NOW. Tomorrow may not come your way, Do a kindness while you may; Loved ones will not always stay; Say them NOW.

If you have a smile to show, Show it NOW. Make hearts happy, roses grow, Let the friends around you know The love you have before they go; Show it NOW. —Selected. It does not matter from where we came. The only question now is: Are we for or against America?

Foreign-born men and American-born men unite in her defense.

The significant thing is what an immense and prevailing unity exists among the men of the city and the nation.

We are citizens of a free nation, and we will defend the liberty of the world.

One Thing He Was Sure Of.

In his first week at work in the crockery shop, Sam carelessly broke a large vase. On pay day he was called into the manager's office. "Half of your four dollars a week wages will be stopped," said the manager, "until you have paid for that thirty-dollar vase." Sam grinned, "Gee" he remarked, "it looks like I 'm sure for a steady job, anyhow."

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The Basis of Peace.

What Americans, if not Russians, ought to be able to realize is that the restoration of Belgium and Serbia to self-rule and to the beginnings of prosperity, and the restoration of the stolen provinces of Alsace and Lorraine to France, represent neither "annexations" nor vet, in the forbidden sense of the word, "indemnities." What any rational being ought to be able to see is that there can be no durable peace in Europe, or in the world, till, in Mr. Balfour's word, Prussia becomes either democratic or powerless. Once more, to paraphrase Mr. Kellogg, the Prussian point of view "will never allow any land or people controlled by it to exist peacefully by the side of a people governed by our point of view," and it is this conviction that has converted Mr. Kellogg, like millions of other progressive Americans, Britons, and Frenchmen to the support, not of war, but of *this* war; to the fighting of this war to a definite end that shall be "Germany's conversion to be a good Germány, or not much of any Germany at all."

No durable peace is thinkable with Prussia still straddling Europe-unpunished and impenitent. No enduring peace can be achieved so long as Prussia still has the will and the way to sink a Lusitania with its scores of women and children-and then to strike off a bronze medal and give schoolboys and schoolgirls a holiday in honor of a victory over God and motherhood. No enduring peace is possible with a nation that makes war by enslaving and deporting civilians and seeking to bring the peoples of civilized states down to its own moral level, and by poisoning wells and destroying the farmer's fruit trees. Prussia must be killed or cured if the world is ever to become a dwelling place for decent men and women and a fit home for their children.

Civilization's present job is to prove to the everlasting satisfaction of the Germans that the Hohenzollerns are a costly anachronism and that Prussianism simply does not pay. Most of the world is now busy on this job; some nations, like Britain and France, with all their might and main; others in a rather half-hearted way. Not till the job has been finished will the world have arrived at the basis of a peace that is more than an armed truce.

The Science of Character.

It requires intelligence not only to keep a reasonable and vital faith but intelligence simply to be good, to guide conduct aright, to build up a good character, the first practical end of religion. Any idiot and imbecile can go the fast gait. Any weakling can make a wreck of himself. You can do it just by letting go. The man of mighty passions and appetites and fierce tempers is not necessarily the strong man. If those forces within be unruly, if the man is driven by them without control or guidance, he is like the rudderless ship, the riderless horse and the run-away engine. The really strong man holds all those powers under the control of a wise intelligence and a right will.

And that control can be learned only through mastery of the art of conduct and the science of character-the highest art and science a man can master. They make the most exacting demands upon the noblest powers and faculties of a true manhood. They cannot be achieved by subjecting oneself to a few religious emotions or cherishing a few fine impulses and good intentions. Much of our popular religion mistakenly stirs the emotions without strengthening the will. It has no discipline in it. Conduct and character require more of the judgment, the intelligence and the will than they do of the emotions and the impulses. Men and women go wrong and wreck themselves as often through mistakes of judgment and lack of intelligence as through wrong impulse and unruly passion. It is a fine art, a high art, this art of being good. And there is only one supreme master of this art from whom we may learn it in its noblest form and its highest efficiency. And that master is Jesus Christ.

And there is that second practical issue of religion, doing good. That also is a fine art which requires intelligence. This age has a passion for doing good. It is more and more translating its religion into terms of social service, social reform, social justice and righteousness, that is doing good in a large way.

But more attempt this task than are fitted for it. The only equipment they bring to it is a few good intentions, noble motives and burning zeal. Often it is a zeal without knowledge, motive without intelligence and intention without wisdom. The world has suffered as much from blundering beneficence as from intentional knavery.

A wise sociologist said to me a few years ago, "Social forces are accumulating with astonishing rapidity. Things are moving fast. What we need today is not so much more stimuli, more pricks and goads, as a driver on the box who knows where he is going." We need men like the children of Issacher of old, "with understanding of the times to know what Israel ought to do."

Religion, that highest and all-embracing interest and inspiration of life, both in its faith and in its practical issues of character and service, of being good and doing good, demands intelligence. Therefore a man needs to bring to it the best he has, the best he can get. Faith, goodness, wisdom, these three are one.—Association Men.

Bibliology.

He—A kiss speaks volumes!

She—Are you collecting a library ?— Record.

REUBEN L. SMITH, Evangelist

ASSISTED BY

OTTO HATCH, Gospel Singer

Will conduct a series of EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS at

Curtis Memorial Church, Corner South and Fayette Streets Commencing TUESDAY, OCTOBER 30th.

We Your attendance and interest are invited.

Where is Your Boy?

Building Notes.

Throughout the world the Y. M. C. A. keeps pace with the far-flung battle line. Wherever our soldiers are fighting, there you will find the Y. M. C. A. caring for the spiritual and physical welfare of our men. Where is your boy? Is he in France? The Y. M. C. A, has 429 centres there. In India or Mesopotamia? There are 47 centres in Mesopotamia and 45 in India. In Salonica or Malta? The Y. M. C. A. has 35 centres in the Mediterranean. In Egypt or Palestine? There are 58 centres there.

Is he training at home? The Y. M. C. A. has a thousand centres at home in every camp and cantonment. Is he in the navy? The Association has centres at all important naval bases, and wherever your boy may be, on troop train or transport, the Y. M. C. A. will be there for such service as it can render for his welfare and comfort.

Early Sprouts.

"Do you shave up or down?" "Down."

"It feels like down."-Lampoon.

Another member of the dormitory club has left the building and is now at Camp Devens, Ayer cantonment, with twenty-one more of Concord's best who will do their bit for democracy and righteousness. Austin Ham has roomed with us for several years, served on the house committee, shown an active interest in association activities, and endeared himself to all with whom he came in contact as an allaround good fellow and friend. We wish him and all the boys God-speed.

The County Fair was an unqualified success in every respect, the exhibits of Harry G. Emmons, J. M. Stewart & Sons, Perley A. Fitch, C. H. Martin Co., Sullivan's drug store, W. H. Bugbee and Thorne'e shoe store being of a high order and making a very attractive and interesting display.

The fancy work tables, fruit, vegetables and home-made preserves were surrounded by an admiring crowd afternoon and evening, and a substantial sum realized from the sale of aprons, fancy work, cake, candy, coffee, sandwiches and ice cream. Many

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Newly Established Men's Dept. All That's Latest, All That's Good You Will Find Here. Cleaning and Pressing Done Right.

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G. R. FARRE, Proprietor

of the exhibits were donated and Auctioneer J. H. Flanders disposed of them at topnotch prices.

Special mention should be made of the fine exhibit of fruit and vegetables made by Engineer F. G. Flanders of Silver Brook Farm, Warner, N. H.

Trainman F. A. Downing is the latest addition to the dormitory club. Room for one more.

Carl Diamond has returned from Mechanicsville, N. Y., where he has been doing spare work.

Penn Heselton, of Lowell, was a week-end visitor.

The second detachment of the new national army from Concord were presented with a card of introduction to the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A., a copy of the New Testament donated by the N. H. Bible Society, a copy of Friend or Enemy and personal letter from the City and R. R. Departments of appreciation and encouragement. One of our R. R. Secretaries, who has been appointed by the National War Council. accompanied the special car to Nashua and left everybody happy with a "When do we get to Ayer?" Candy, tobacco, cigars, chewing gum, fruit of all kinds, stamps, etc., were distributed on the way and the bunch made a fine start from "The Capital of New Hampshire to the Capital of Germany via Ayer." C. F. Archer has returned from a flying trip to Albany, N. Y.

11 So. Main St., Concord, N. H.

James Wallace, of Manchester, is recruiting for the home guard.

Charles Osgood, of the stores department, is seriously ill at Margaret Pillsbury Hospital.

Fred Douglass is back from his vacation which he enjoyed immensely milking 44 cows daily and pulling beans as a side issue.

The increased charge for beds is paid ungrudgingly by railroad men, as the cost of supplies has forced prices up.

To serve the soldiers at points of embarkment, M. S. Stafford has been set apart by the railroad department.

The Canadian Pacific has authorized a new building at Johnsville Junction, Me., and the community has pledged funds for a suitable site.

RYAN, The Saw Man

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17 North Main Street, opposite Depot Street

Teaching French Children Patriotism.

"There are people," says a French schoolmaster, "who say, 'One does not *learn* to love one's country." They deceive themselves; one learns to love one's country as one learns anything else." It is in France that children are taught to love their country, just as they are taught arithmetic and spelling.

"Into the heart of the little boy sitting on the bench of the village school is instilled the ideal of defending his country as he would his family, as he would his mother," writes Jonathan French Scott in Patriots in the Making (D. Appleton & Company). "But it is not for war's sake that these writers teach. They do not attempt to attract the support of youth to the policy of conquest by veiling in a mist of glory the miseries and horrors of battle. Of this sort of patriotism they have had their fill before 1870." The children are warned against glorifying the aggressions of Napoleon against Europe, of Louis XIV against Holland.

"However painful the sacrifice may be, young people, it is necessary to denounce this war-loving spirit. France is now at an age when the serious work of the brain is being substituted for violent action. Let the war-loving spirit yield to the military spirit. "The military spirit is that of a people resolved not to make any attempt against the independence of its neighbors."

The author has little hope of seeing the day when war will be regarded as butchery. So French school boys are prepared.

"In war, courage and steadiness are necessary every minute. To march in weather icy cold or burning hot, often with wounded feet, to lie on the damp earth, to suffer thirst and hunger: all this must be endured gaily. Those who complain are bad comrades, for discouragement is contagious.

"In the day of battle, the terrible roar of the cannon makes the heart beat and brings the cold sweat; . . . but the brave quickly recover their coldness. They save their cartridges. If possessed of a hundred riflemen perfectly calm, a regiment would be invincible. A story is told of a battle in 1881 where it took 41 cannon shots and 33,000 rifle shots to kill seventy Arabs. In Afghanistan, the English at 300 meters fired 50,000 times, and killed twenty-five enemies! Twelve calm men who aim tranquilly are worth a regiment of fools."

Thus, from very early years, the French lad is taught the meaning of courage and coolness.

O. T. CARTER 20 THOMPSON STREET, CONCORD, N. H. AGENT FOR CALIFORNIA PERFUME CO.'S EXTRACTS Also Indian Herb Tablets-Excellent as a Liver and Bowel Regulator

William H. Avery Pianos and Victrolas

5 Capitol Street, Concord, N. H.

A Service.

One of the highest forms of Christian service is just being pleasant all day long with everybody, and under all circumstances. Every one who comes in contact with a grouch receives a depression which is hard to shake off. But every one who comes into the presence of a pleasant person is the better for it. We do not mean that professional, insincere smiling business which is always sickening, but that wholesome, sincere pleasantness, such as is expressed in these lines:

It was only a glad good morning As she passed along the way, But it spread the morning's glory Over the livelong day.

Some forms of Christian service, such as endowing hospitals, are open only to people of wealth. Some forms of service, such as writing a great book on religion, can only be performed by the highly educated. Some forms of service, such as carrying the Christian message to the soldiers in the European war zone, can only be done by men in vigorous health. But the Christian service, of being pleasant is open to rich and poor, educated and uneducated, strong and weak. Every one can be pleasant. Do it today.—Brooklyn Central.

Yard Office.

H. F. Robinson spent Sunday at Sunapee Lake. Ask him how many fish he caught.

H. B. Moore has been keeping bachelor quarters in Penacook for a week.

"Timy" Rolfe has decided not to take in a ball game this year.

"Pegleg" is considering a night job. I guess he does n't like the records or the money.

Don't Kid Yourself. The decay of conscience is a gradual thing. A wrong is indulged in, then an excuse is found for it. It is called by a name that does sound so yellow as the fact: men thus deceive themselves till black and white do not look so different after all. This passage is a clarion call to straight thinking. "Let no one deceive you with specious arguments." Call black, black. Impurity, indecency, vile language and intoxication are all of the same brood. Cut the whole thing. Why do men get drunk? They are vainly seeking enlargement and intensity of life. Paul says, "Nay, seek it rather in being filled with the Spirit." Be God-intoxicated men. Here is stimulus and intensity with no loss of power and no sting left behind.

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PHONE 1035-W

In Minor Chord.

Clarence Shallis Woods, for nearly twentyfour years foreman of the Boston & Maine roundhouse in this city, died at his home, following a short illness.

He was born in Hartford, Vt., October 8, 1864, but the most of his life had been passed in Concord, having entered the employ of the old Northern railroad as fireman in December, 1881, later serving the road as an engineer and in January, 1896, was appointed foreman of the roundhouse, which position he held until his death.

On September 4, 1886, Mr. Woods was united in marriage with Miss Nettie S. Lord, of Norwich, Vt., the ceremony taking place in this city.

Besides his widow he is survived by a mother, three brothers, Walter C., and Lester W. Woods, of Concord, and Allan D. Woods, of Nashua; and two sisters, Mrs. Elisha Shurtleff, of Concord, and Mrs. Frank A. Shea, of Brattleboro, Vt.

Mr. Woods was a member of Eureka Lodge, A. F. and A. M.; Trinity Chapter, R. A. M.; Horace Chase Council, R. and S. M.; Mount Horeb Commandery, K. T.; New Hampshire Consistory, S. R.; Bektash Temple, A. A. O. N. M. S.; Epiphany Chapter, O. E. S.; White Mountain Lodge, I. O. O. F.; Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and the Firemen's Association of the Boston & Maine railroad.

The funeral was held from the South Congre-

gational church on Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, and was under the auspices of Mount Horeb Commandery, Knights Templar.

TO HIS RAILROAD ASSOCIATES.

I wish to express to you my sincere thanks for the very beautiful tribute you have paid Mr. Woods by the splendid floral gift, "The Gates Ajar," and more than that, depositing the money for the perpetual care of his last resting place, the most beautiful, most thoughtful thing you could have done, a *lasting tribute*, as the years roll by.

To retain the regard and esteem of his associates through all the trying years of railroad life was a record I am sure he was proud of.

Mrs. Nellie S. Woods.

The funeral of Clare O. Berry, who was accidentally killed at Mastyard on Thursday morning, was held at the parlors of Kendall & Foster, Saturday afternoon, September 29, at 3 o'clock, and was largely attended by relatives and friends. There was a large delegation from the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen in attendance. Rev. C. H. Collett officiated and the Capital Quartet sang. The bearers were D. F. Seldis, E. B. Kennison, C. S. Worthington and G. W. Lovejoy of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen of which the deceased was a member. The floral tributes were many and beautiful. The body was taken to Campton for interment.

R. F. ROBINSON DRY AND FANCY GOODS.

70 North Main St., Concord, N. H.

United States in Two Wars.

War Rations in the Zoo.

It is not only in France and on the high seas that the United States is making war. We have on hand at present two internal wars: the war against the water hyacinth, and the war with gophers.

Hyacinth plants grow with such rank luxury in some of our southern states that navigation is completely blocked at certain seasons of the year. Also, cattle are led to an early death by this poet flower. For, while the plant has little or no food value, there is a certain relish about it, and the animals in their efforts to reach it are lured beyond their depth.

The first method used to destroy the plant was by means of powerful acids. This proved very effective, but had the disadvantage of being deadly to the cattle as well. Last year, army engineers made use of mechanical destroyers to eradicate the hyacinths in St. John's River, Florida. As soon as a growth formed it was cut away and the tangled mass pushed into the current to float downstream.

Only Too True.

Absently and dramatically—The typewriter is mightier than the pen.

He who is trying to bone—Yes, and a h—— of a lot noisier.—*Gargoyle*. In England, even the animals in the zoölogical parks have gone on war rations. The monkeys get no more bananas. Instead, they eat boiled cattle beets. It is against the law to give them proper bread, and all they have now is old ship's biscuit that has been left over from one voyage and is not quite equal to another.

The birds, in place of oats and wheat, have paddy rice, split horse beans, with a little corn. Leaves and the dried grass clipped from the parks take the place of real hay for the elephants.

But the foxes and wolves and lions and tigers and hyenas are having the time of their lives—horse-flesh was never so plenty or so cheap as now.

"Whom are you rooming with this year?"

"Oh, I 'm rooming alone."

"How singular!"—*Tiger*.

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Evolution of the Alphabet.

GREW FROM PICTURES BY WHICH MEN FIRST WROTE.

No one really knows all about where the alphabet came from, because it grew very slowly, like children and every other good thing in the world. But we know quite well that no ingenious man sat down and made the alphabet and we know quite well, too, that the alphabet began as pictures.

Just as a child reads or takes things in by pictures long before it can read letters, so men used to read and write by pictures; and then these pictures were gradually made simpler and simpler until at last they could be used in every and any way, as our letters can. We know that the letter O was at first the picture of an eye and that gradually men made the picture plainer, until at last they drew an O. The letter I was once a picture of a house; and very likely a capital A may have been at first the picture of a pyramid.

Ages and ages ago in Egypt men used both kinds of writing, says the Kansas City Star. The priests used the oldest kind, which was the pictures. This was called the sacred writing in which the pictures were turned into letters. Not very many years ago men tried in vain to read the old sacred picture writing of the Egyptians, but they could not. Then they found the wonderful Rosetta stone and this had written upon it the same thing three times—once in the pictures and once in the letters and also once in other letters and so men got the key to picture writing, and now it can be read easily.

A Good Sine.

She (soulfully)—Oh, George! I just love to sit here with you by the fireplace and listen to the cracking logs! They almost seem to be whispering a tuneful melody to us, don't they?

He (of the mathematical mind)— Sort of a logarithm, I suppose.—*Widow*.

You Can't Expect a Girl to Keep Track.

"Was that Jack I saw, with his arm around you?"

"I don't know. How long ago did you look?"—Purple Cow.

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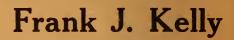
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